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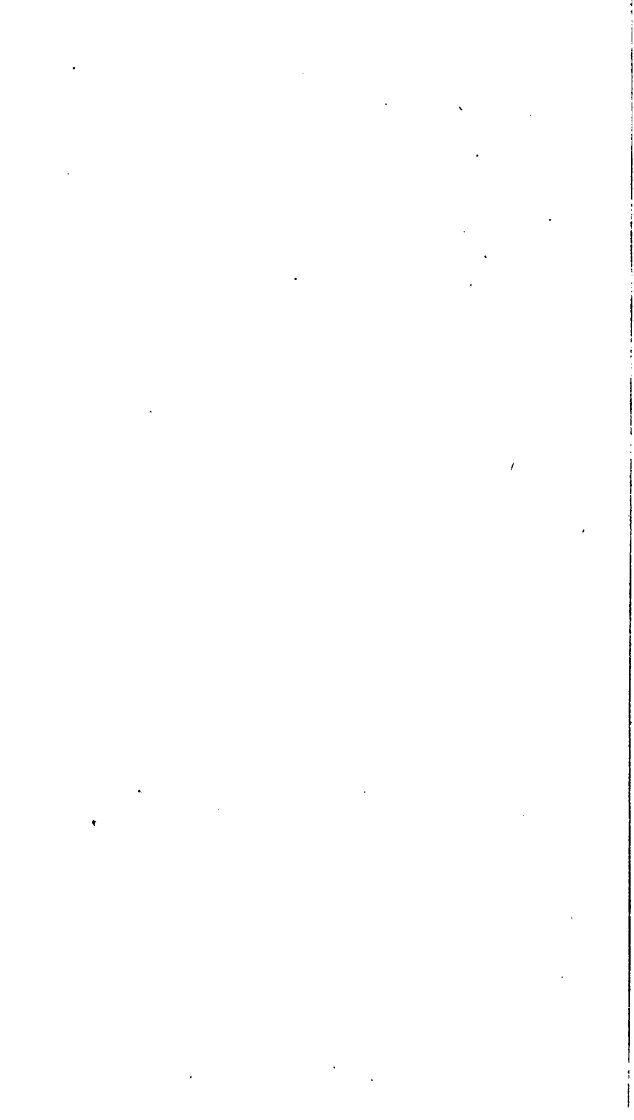
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AN  
(-F, A)







# MEMOIRS

OF

## COL. ARIAL BRAGG.

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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“ I looked upon it and received instruction.”—PROVERBS.

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<sup>21</sup> MILFORD ·  
GEORGE W. STACY, PRINTER.

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## PREFACE.

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The object of these Memoirs is in some measure to remedy an evil, which the author believes to have been, by the American people generally, too long neglected. It is true, our Fathers, who first emigrated to this country, were compelled by their situation to bestow all their time and attention, on cultivating the earth, and humbly asking the blessing of Divine Providence on all their labors, to save them from pestilence and famine; the arrow from the bow, and the tomahawk in the hands of the savage, who lurked in the forest thirsting for human blood. These and many other difficulties, which unavoidably tread on the heel of all settlers in new countries, and more especially those separated from their mother country by a vast ocean. These are but a few of the many calamities, that so often thinned their ranks, whilst those that survived their not much less unfortunate brethren, were for the want of bread, but little more than walking skeletons, which may be considered a reasonable excuse for many that have not left on record, any account of themselves, that might have been handed down to their children's children, that future generations, might have rejoiced at the opportunity of tracing their genealogy back, if no farther than the landing of their fathers in Ameri-

ca, to know the name of that father who left his home, his native country, for the wilds of America. Then their descendants would not have had occasion to pry into obscurity, or trespass on the aged, to learn the names of their ancestors; the nation they were of, the country and town they forever left behind them, for this then howling wilderness, but now prosperous and happy land, which the author considers an invaluable legacy to us their descendants, and only regrets he has now no means of tracing back, but three generations, which is all that will be attempted at this late period of time.

It is believed, a sufficient excuse will be found in the foregoing, and only remains to know who this Arial Bragg is, where he was born, and from whom he descended. This will be answered according to the best information that can be obtained at this late period of time; at least it may be a starting point from which others, who if they please, may continue what is here so imperfectly commenced.

## MEMOIRS.

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That the different places of residence, of my ancestors may be better understood, is to know that Dedham, in its first settlement, contained what is now Wrentham and Franklin. The first settlers in Wrentham came from Dedham about the year 1650, and on the 27th of March 1661 petitioned Dedham to set them off by themselves, which they did; and in October the 15th 1673, petitioned the General Court to be incorporated into a Town by the name of Wrentham, which petition was answered the same day it was presented. In 1676 the inhabitants left the town and returned to Dedham, on account of the great Indian war, called King Phillips' War, commenced in 1675. In August 1676 King Phillip was killed, and the war soon brought to a close; when Samuel and Cornelius Fisher, with sixteen others, returned to Wrentham in 1680. Between the years of 1684 and 1692, they built their first meeting-house; their first ministers name was Mann. He was ordained the 13th of April 1692, and died the 22d of May 1719, aged 72 years, and the forty-ninth year of

his ministry, as he had preached some nineteen years before he was ordained.

Henry Messenger was their second minister ; he was ordained the 5th day of December 1719. In 1721 their second meeting-house was built on the 26th of October 1773. Rev. Joseph Bean preached a century sermon in the third meeting-house, he being at that time their third minister ordained in that place, from which we take many of the following dates. Mehitable Shears, was the first person born in Wrentham of English descent ; and the son of John Wears, the first buried in a burying place in that town, the 10th of February 1673.

Franklin was set off from Wrentham as a Parish, the 29th of August 1737, and on the 16th of February 1738, Elias Haven was called to preach with them, who died the 10th of August 1754, aged 41 years, and the 16th of his ministry. The 4th of June 1760, Caleb Burnham was ordained, and dismissed the 6th of March 1768. Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, their third minister, was ordained the 21st of April 1773, and preached in the first meeting-house in that place, on the North side of which stood a lofty pine tree, whose stately form seems as if it was placed there to screen the speaker within from harm, whilst he dispensed a portion from the sacred Scriptures, and to the small group who had assembled from

amongst the trees of the forest, to feed on the bread of eternal life, flowing from the mouth of their speaker, and from whose pen and tongue, they continued to receive instruction for more than sixty years.

Arial Bragg, the author of these Memoirs, was the son of Arial Bragg, who was the son of William Bragg, whose fathers name was Alexander Bragg, who with his wife came into the town of Wrentham, where he had, either before, or after he came, four sons and five daughters, viz: William, Nicholas, Constant and Alexander, Elizabeth, Lydia, Martha, Jemima, and Sarah. We leave William and pass to Nicholas, who in the early settlement of Vermont, left Wrentham and settled in Springfield, West side of Connecticut River, about five miles above Charlestown, N. H., where he lived to a good old age, leaving behind him numerous descendants. Constant settled in Wrentham; was endowed with uncommon strength and ability to perform almost any labor that he was called on to do—maintained the character of an honest man, reared considerable of a family, labored hard, and died poor. Alexander, the youngest of the family, married Esther Fisher, daughter of John Fisher of Franklin, carried on the farm of his father in law, until the year 1776, when John Fisher sold his farm to Eli Richardson, and removed in 1777

on to a farm in Wrentham, bought of Joseph Spur; Alexander removed with him, carried on his farm as at Franklin, until the 8th of March 1785, when he removed on to a farm in the South Westerly part of Holliston, Middlesex Co. bought of one Tenney, in 1792; sold what remained of his place, to Ebenezer Littlefield, and in 1793 removed into a tenement in Holliston, belonging to Ephraim Littlefield, where his wife died, leaving three daughters, Jemima, Rhoda and Sophronia, to take their chance in life without the fostering care of a mother; some time after married a woman from Attleborough, said to be a widow of Dr. Mann, by whom he had eight hundred dollars, and removed on to a small farm in Hopkinton, bought of Aaron Kinsman. In a short time he become involved—exchanged his place for one in Warwick, of less value, where in a short time he had occasion to exchange that for one of less value in Stratton, Windham Co. Vt. on which he removed with his wife and two sons, which he had by his last wife. Not long after this removal he was taken sick, and from which he never recovered, but died as was said by violence from the hand of his wife.

Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander the first, married to Capt. John Blake of Wrentham, two miles South of the centre meeting-house, on the old road leading to Boston. Lydia, married Dea. David

Holbrook, in North Wrentham. Martha was married to John Hancock, in the Southerly part of Wrentham. Jemima was married to a man by the name of Stanely, and Sarah to Benjamin Ray.

We will return to William the oldest son of Alexander the first, who married a woman by the name of Benett, and settled in Wrentham, where his wife brought him five sons and one daughter, viz: Henry, Luther, Arial, William, Ebenezer, and Polly, and where he came to his death in a most extraordinary manner. He had occasion with two others to tend a furnace for casting hard ware, situated in Wrentham. In the evening Aaron Pond, a young man of their acquaintance called in for a few moments; they being much weary in tending day and night, agreed with him to tend the furnace a short time whilst they slept. Distressing to tell, whilst his three friends were asleep with their feet to the furnace, their friend was alarmed by the bursting of the furnace, from which the melted ore made its escape, and flowed over his three friends, consuming their flesh to the bone! when Pond, with the fortitude of a man, and the heart of a Lion, drew them forth from the spot where they all three had but short notice of their departure to that land 'from whose bourne-no traveller returns.'

We will now leave William in his grave, and

give some account of his son Henry, who left Wrentham for Keene, N. H. where he married his wife, who brought him one or more children, when his country called him to the American War of 1775, where he did the duty of an orderly sergeant. After an absence of more than a year, he returned and found his house sacked; his wife had left her home for that of another man, carrying with her all of any value.

From this scene he turned away heart broken to join his comrades in arms, which service he continued to perform till the close of the war. Finding himself broken down by the fatigues of seven years in the service of his country, he retired to his native State—found employment in tending a grist mill for an old lady, not far from Wrentham. This is all we know concerning him.

Luther, Williams, second son went to Keene, married and settled four miles West of Keene centre meeting-house, a place called by the Indians Ashawillet, where he had a large family and accumulated a handsome property. His oldest son being appointed Deputy Sheriff, made some mistake in a heavy matter, his father was his bondsman, by which he lost the largest part of his property, and has long since paid the debt of nature.

William, the fourth son of William Bragg, served his time at Blacksmithing with Col. Amos



Turner the senior, where he became a finished workman—went to Keene, N. H. set up his business, married and had a large family and much work to do for good customers, by which he maintained his family, and obtained for many years the name of a good citizen. At length he became dissipated; neglected his business, died poor and unlamented.

Arial, son of William, married the daughter of John Fisher of Franklin—more of him hereafter. Ebenezer, Williams' youngest son settled in the Otter Creek country, West of the Green Mountains, Vt. where he closed his career in this life honorable to himself. Polly, Williams' only daughter, married a man by the name of Field. He was a Blacksmith by trade, and lived in Keene, N. H. with whom his wife's mother also lived until her death.

We will now give some further account of his descent from that of Eleazer Fisher, who in 1706 removed from Wrentham, and settled in Franklin, on the road leading from Medway to Wrentham, about one mile South of Medway line, or the middle of Charles River, on a farm now owned by Dr. Nathaniel Miller, where in May 1706, his wife brought him a son, who he named John, and who was the first male child born on the land now within the bounds of Franklin, and where Eleazer Fish-

er continued to the end of his life, leaving the most of his estate to his son Leonard, who lived and died there.

Nathaniel, settled about a mile South on the same road, being the same land on which Lewis Fisher Esq. his grandson now lives. Hezekiah, lived and died a bachelor. Sarah, married a man by the name of Lethbridge. John, his youngest son who we have said sold his place in Franklin, to Eli Richardson; in his early days married a wife whose name was Phebe Gay, who was an exemplary and pious woman. She looked well to her household, and gave a portion to all in due season, by whom her husband had four sons and five daughters, viz: Phebe, John, Sarah, Esther, Rhoda, Amos, Rebecca, and two sons who died in their infancy. His daughter Phebe married a man by the name of Archer, by whom she had one son, and in a few days died, leaving her son whose name was Amos, to the kind care and keeping of her father John Fisher, who reared his grandson to the age of sixteen, and from whom he received in his latter days, a rich reward in the kind care and tender treatment, he at all times received from the hand of his grandson Amos, until Oct. 1791, when after a long life devoted to Christianity, of which he was a worthy example, at the age of eighty-five years and five months, in calm resignation to the

will of his Heavenly Father, resigned his body to the dust, and his spirit to Him who gave it. His daughter Rhoda married Ebenezer Leland of Hopkinton, and removed with him to Peru, at that time called Patridgefield; from thence moved to Hindsdale, died there—leaving at his death two daughters.

We have already given an account of Esther the third daughter of John Fisher, who was married to Alexander Bragg, son of Alexander the first, which is all the account we can now give of John Fisher's children, excepting his daughter Sarah, who married Arial Bragg, son of William; thus it will be seen that Arial Bragg, son of William and Alexander, William's brother, married sisters. Arial after marriage, lived with his wife Sarah in the North part of Wrentham, on land known by the name of the Boyd place, where his wife brought him two sons and two daughters, viz:—Willard, Arial, Eunice and Polly. In the Spring of 1777 removed on to a farm in the centre of Franklin, bought of Joshua Daniels, where his wife brought him a daughter whose name was Sally, and where he, by the help of his small farm and that of his hands, being a Shoemaker, provided a comfortable living for himself and family, when he was called to take part in the war of the American Revolution, times that tried men's souls; the

American people struggling to relieve themselves from taxation imposed on them by Great Britain without their consent, and many other burdens too grievous to be borne. In fine, to relieve themselves from absolute tyranny, and to teach the English nation a lesson never to be forgotten, that those who had the courage to emigrate to this wild wilderness, inhabited by savage man as well as beasts, had hearts of steel to defend it, for which they pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and more than that their sacred honors, never to submit until the chain of slavery already forged for their necks should be broken, and thrown to the dogs of the British Parliament, as a token of the daring deeds of those Patriots. Ariel Bragg was compelled in defence of those rights, dearer than life, to bid adieu for a time, perhaps forever, to the partner of his bosom, and his cherished little ones, and turn his back on all that man holds dear save his liberty ! and hasten to join his countrymen in arms at the tented field, where the standard of liberty had been planted and must flourish, although its roots might require to be moistened with the best blood of the American land !

What added more to the heart-felt distress of leaving his dear wife and little one the object of his affections, was not that of leaving them in the midst of kind neighbors, but leaving them surround-

ed by Torys to the cause of liberty—who made no scruples to declare that although they were then compelled to put on the smile of friendship, while if they had you within the British lines, they would wash their hands to their elbows in your heart's blood. Such were the blood thirsty cannibals that surrounded the poor soldier's wife and five small children, who were left to the mercy of the merciless, with the exception of a few distant neighbors, who the Torys tried to cudgel into submission, that they might more safely supply the British with fresh provisions, whilst the British were by fire and sword, laying waste the country, and by all the means that in them lay, drawing the last drop of blood from the hearts of the American people. The poor soldiers term the first time in the service of his country, was not of long duration, but long enough for poverty in its most horrid form; not only to surround the poor man's dwelling, but had closely examined every part within, whilst the ungodly Torys laid waste the fields, and gave the swine means of destroying what little the soldier's wife had hoped, with the blessing of heaven, might be gathered to gladden the heart of a mother, and allay in some measure the hunger of her children. But alas! it was not so, her hopes were blasted, and all earthly happiness drawing to a close. The only glimmering hope that re-

mained, was the return of her husband, that possibly some way or means might be devised to save her and her little ones from pestilence without, and famine from within. She looked, but looked in vain; her husband came not. He could not be spared from the field of honor. To provide for one, and leave more for the rest, she put her second son Ariel, to Daniel Gould in the North part of Wrentham, September 1779. Having one child off her hands, she made strenuous efforts to save the remainder from starvation. But still her husband came not. The cold and inclement season had made its appearance, with that sternness that poverty and a broken heart had not the power to combat. Seeing no means to escape her then situation, she was compelled to have recourse at last, although not the least afflicting, it was that of applying to the overseers of the poor for the town of Wrentham, for that relief she and her children so much needed. John Fisher her father, moved with compassion for the sufferings of his daughter, bid her with her youngest child welcome at his house, while the Selectmen being overseers of the poor that year, made provision for the remaining four as follows: Willard they bound by indentures to Elijah Ferrington, until he should be sixteen years of age. Eunice they put to Abijah Pond, and Polly to Nathan Fisher, all in Wrentham, while

Arial was left with Daniel Gould, for Alexander Bragg to take away when he pleased. Willard often complained of short living, which may be true, as he was once caught eating crusts of bread from his grandfather Fisher's swill pail who lived quite near his masters. No one taking notice of his complaints, as he made none to no one but his brother, but sought his living the best way he could, until within two months of his time being out with his master, when taking with him his gun, he was off to the West. On his way he fell in with Mr. Parmenter of Petersham, with whom he lived until twenty-one years of age. Here he lived well, was clothed well, and was dismissed with sixty-six dollars and sixty seven cents. From this place he went to the German Flats, married him a wife and went to his father in laws in Scipo, Cyauga Co. N. Y.; from there to Dryden, where in 1814 his brother paid him a visit, gave him sixty dollars, and paid his expenses to Albany, and back again from thence to Whitesborough, from thence to Canaan, Wayne Co. Ohio. After one more move of seven miles North West of Canaan, he made his last move to within a few miles of his only daughter Lura. She had married Mr. William Cahow in Norton, Portage Co. Ohio. His daughter Lura has since died, and he if living, was seventy-five years old the 12th of Dec. 1845.

Eunice in the time of her service learned the

trade of her mistress, who was a Tailoress—went to Wilmington, married to Daniel Lincoln, who finding the land cold and unproductive, removed to Alexander, Genesee Co. N. Y. where she had a large family, and with the help of her husband accumulated a handsome property, she being a woman of uncommon power of body, as well as of mind. Her husband looked to her for counsel, she was the stay of his family; her husband was quiet and well disposed, but of small mind, with whom she lived contented and happy. Her anxiety to gain property, and the concerns of the family together, proved too much for her strength; her constitution gave way, consumption and death followed. She was buried the 16th of October 1820, aged 46.

Polly was born the 8th of October 1776. She went from Nathan Fisher's to tend store for a man in Mendon, by the name of Neet, who struck her with a whip because she would not wear a pair of thick shoes that he had got repaired with heavy soles. At this the neighbors took offence; lay near the house, and when she came out, took her into the office of Seth Hastings Esq. to whom by their request she told her story. A warrant was granted, and Nett apprehended, brought to trial and fined debt and cost to the extent of the law, when she left and came to Holliston; from



thence she followed her sister Eunice to Wilmington—married Perous Lincoln, brother to Daniel her sister's husband, and removed with them to Alexander, where her husband died, and where in time she married the second time and removed to Black Rock. Her husband became dissipated ; so much so, that it was unsafe to live with him, when she went to live with her son in law, John Miles, in Amherst, and may be yet living. Sally, the youngest daughter of Arial Bragg was born in Franklin in 1778, and in the fall of 1779 was removed with her mother into the house of her grandfather, and continued under the roof with her grandfather, mother and others, until she came to womanhood. She then went to Holliston, boarded with her brother and others, and worked at the tailoress business, until she married to Isaac Kibee, who lived some time in Milford, when he removed to Medway, now a part of Holliston, where she closed her many years of sickness by death.

Arial, son of William, who was absent in his country's service, as has been said, returned for the first time since his wife applied to the town for assistance. He had before his return enlisted for three years, and taken his bounty of three hundred dollars ; he had but a short time to stop and see his wife and little ones, and bid them adieu for three long years ; he gave to each of his children an

English crown piece, fifty shillings old tenor, six shillings and eight pence lawful currency, or one dollar and ten cents federal. When he came to give the parting kiss to the wife of his love, and press to his bosom for the last time his infant daughter, on whom he looked, but spake not; and whilst the silent tear stole down his war-worn cheek, he turned to join his comrades in arms, waving his hand to bid adieu for that time and forever. He was stationed at West Point, and did the duty of a Barber for the officers. The Small Pox prevailed at the time at that place, which in the way of his business he had the misfortune to take. There was to appearance but little cause of alarm but a few moments before his death; the ail struck in as the pock flatted down. He felt himself going when in the anguish of his heart he spoke for the last time—my children! my children! shall I see them no more! when death closed the scene.

We will now give some faint but true account of Arial Bragg, who we left with Daniel Gould in North Wrentham, to understand the economy practised in those days, and particularly the manner of treatment of Mr. G's. wife to Arial. The family of Daniel consisted at this time of four children, one son and three daughters, viz: Peter, Polly Sally and Ozina. You will see that six constituted this family, if you throw in Arial to make weight,

who was seven years old the 30th of July 1779. It was the old woman's general custom to boil meet and potatoes for dinner, from which she with a heart of adamant, and cold as the grave, would help Ariel to a small piece of meat and two small potatoes, and a like piece of bread; for supper and breakfast there was but one continued round, half pint of the liquor that the meat was boiled in, was served to him in a brown earthen pint porringer, striped with yellow at the bottom, into which was added what bread she did take up at one time with the end of her thumb and fore fingers, from a wooden bowl standing on a table with a spoon but half of common length, which Ariel put in full operation until the porringer was relieved of its contents, and the spoon broken off by the bowl by continued bending when at the bottom of the dish. This answered his most sanguine expectations, as he was now furnished with a spoon of full length, and of which the old lady's sagacity never discovered the moral of his breaking a short spoon for a long one. There was an exception to his having meat and potatoes for dinner, which was of so little consequence, it had like to have slipt his mind. Daniel killed a hog, and his two ears were cut off from his head, boiled and given to Ariel for his dinner; and for once he had as much as he wanted—for what the two ears lacked for meat on

the outside, was made up of hair on the edges, and wax within; they were boiled as the butcher left them.

This year in December the snow fell five feet deep on the level. Some places in cutting wood, stumps were left more than twelve feet high, and travelling could be done in no other way than on snow shoes, which caused Daniel to put his knife to the throat of every old horse he could lawfully lay his hands on, as he did much with green horse hides in stringing bows for snow shoes. In the time of this snow storm, Daniel discovered that Arial had no small clothes, suitable to the season; ordered the house to be searched for a piece of cloth, when lo a piece of woollen and linen cloth was found, striped, red and white, from which Daniel, he being an ingenious man, cut him a pair of small clothes, and small they were; if cutting them small had then been in fashion, Daniel's reputation would have stood far ahead of all in that part of the country. When the small clothes were finished, they could not be buttoned at the knee in any other way, than by running a string doubled through the button, and draw it through; and when buttoned he could not bend his knee, which made it convenient in the discharge of his unavoidable business, as small houses were scarce and the snow so deep, it could be done by one of his age in no

other way. Daniel's wife had a heart of adamant. She would as often deny him a piece of bread as asked for, and as asking became useless, he was drove to other means. He was on the evening of the 12th of January, actually stealing bread from the big wooden bowl on the table, when his uncle Alexander Bragg came for him, and he had the pleasure of running four miles on the snow, upon the road made by snow shoes, between the hours of eight and ten that evening. This exchange in a long run was none of the best; but it was better than to starve, for in this exchange he had enough to eat—was in the house of his grandfather John Fisher, whose farm Alexander then carried on. His mother with her youngest child was also there. His uncle Alexander, and his aunt Esther, with whom he was to live occupied the other part of the house. The combination of these things made the times pleasant, and for a while agreeable.

Alexander for a trade was not a man to be taken by surprise, as it appears he took Ariel on trial. He was not bound to him by the Selectmen, for more than one year after he came, as the indentures were not made until the 24th of January 1781, of which the following is a true copy:

' This indenture witnesseth that we the subscribers, Selectmen of the town of Wrentham, within the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Mas-

sachusetts, with the assent of two Justices of the Peace for said County, have put and placed, and by these presents do put and place Royal Bragg,\* son of Royal Bragg, a poor child as an apprentice to Alexander Bragg of Wrentham aforesaid, said yeoman, to learn the art of husbandry, as shall be necessary for such an apprentice, with the said Alexander Bragg to serve, abide and remain, until he shall arrive at the age of sixteen years, all which time, or term, his master he shall faithfully serve, his secrets keep close, and his lawful commands gladly do and obey; he shall not do any damage to his master, nor allow any to be done by others, without giving notice thereof to him. He shall not waste, perloin, or embezzel the goods, or estate of his master, nor lend them unlawful to any; he shall not practice unlawful games, nor haunt places of debaucheries, nor be at any time from family order, without the consent of his master, during said term of service, as aforesaid, but in all things carry and behave himself as a dutiful, faithful and obedient apprentice ought to do during the said term.

And the said master, doth hereby promise and engage to find and provide for the said apprentice, good wholesome meat, drink, washing, lodging, suitable apparel, and all other things necessary,

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\* Arial Bragg, erroneously called Royal Bragg.

both in sickness and health, during the term of his service as aforesaid, and to teach and instruct said apprentice in husbandry business, and also to teach or cause him to be taught in reading, writing and Arithmetic, so much as shall be necessary for him, if he be capable to learn, and at the expiration of said term of his service, to dismiss said apprentice well clothed with two good suits of apparel for all parts of his body both woolen and linen, as is generally used; one suit for Sabbath days, the other for working days suitable to his quality.

In testimony whereof, the parties have to this indenture interchangeably set their hand and seals this twenty-fourth day of January, A. D. 1781, in the fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of us,

ELIJAH FARRINGTON,  
JOANNA POND.

JNO. HALL,  
LEWIS WHITNEY,  
ROBERT BLAKE,  
NATHAN BLAKE.

Consented to—JABEZ FISHER, *Just. of the Peace.*

BENJ. GUILLE, *Just. of the Peace*, consented.

It will be seen by the foregoing copy of the indenture, made by the Selectmen of Wrentham, binding a poor child, son of one of the defenders of their liberty and independence to Alexander

Bragg, without even having his name on the indenture, leaving Alexander to take advantage of the poor soldier's child. This he was at all times careful to do. He did not take much advantage in the first part of the time of his apprentice, for his age deprived him of the means. But he was careful not to give him an education, either through neglect or designedly. He made no scruples by falsehood and every deception his evil heart could devise, to take all advantage that came in his way, which youth had not the courage, nor ignorance the power to dispute. Alexander Bragg was not the worst man in all points; he was selfish for want of means, small for want of mind to look beyond tomorrow. He never sought for anything he could not obtain to day. He was shrewd in trade; no one made money out of him. He was shiftless to a proverb in his way of doing business, as well as that of living; he would borrow until his neighbors were tired of lending, and when a small stock was procured, run again to pay. He was a kind neighbor, attentive to the sick; naturally peevish and fretful. While he lived on the farm purchased with the money his father in law, John Fisher, gave his daughters, his estate continued to waste away, no one directly knew how. In seven years he was compelled to sell his place as before said, to Ebenezer Littlefield. In his way of living about



all he had by his second wife was gone at his death.

Arial lived with his uncle Alexander from the 12th of January 1780, until the 24th of January 1781, when he was bound as a poor child, which may be seen by the foregoing copy of the indenture. From that time until the 8th of March 1785, he had no material cause of complaint. Whether his kind treatment from his master can be attributed to the circumstance of living in the same house with his grandfather Fisher and his mother, we will leave for others to judge. It is enough to say that it was altogether different after he removed with his master to Holliston. His schooling was neglected, and as to his clothes, it can scarcely be said he had any. If any excuse could be offered, it would gladly be done; the most we can say in his favor is his three daughters, as they advanced in age, became more expensive, and for the want of forethought and sound or common sense, his means diminished.

From the age of sixteen to that of eighteen and eight months, he had but one shirt at a time, and that would become so mutilated with patches, that it was difficult to determine with any certainty, which was a part of the original, with other clothing in connection with his shirt. To show clearly his masters inattention to his absolute and indis-

pensible wants, at the age of fifteen years and four months he sent him with a horse which was traded for with a man who was not the owner, to Luther Bragg, four miles West of Keene, N. H. there to leave the horse, and return on foot a stranger to all the way except six miles, without giving him one cent to spend on the way; nor did he ever name the thing, as the man his master had the horse of was worthless, and the owner was in search for him, there was no time to loose. He started early on the second morning after the thing was known, with a small bag of oats laid on behind him for the horse, but not a cent for himself; he travelled fifty miles to Petersham, where he had a brother with whom he staid that night—took supper, lodging and breakfast, and left early for his uncle Luther's being forty-four miles the way that he went, where he arrived the same night without any refreshment on the way; left next morning and found his way back to Keene street at 12 o'clock A. M.; called on his aunt Polly and his grandmother, who resided with her daughter Polly Field; who was then baking at a little past 1 o'clock P. M. They took from the oven some small round rye and indian cakes, of which he partook, some warm bread and butter as they then called it. They asked him no questions concerning his past, present, or future concerns, and he thought it best soon to be off. At 3

o'clock started on his forty miles tramp, to his brothers in Petersham, under a strong conviction that his future calls on his grandmother and aunt, would be short and far between. He travelled till dark, slept for a time in a barn by the way side, and whilst it was dark he started on. The road he went was through the towns of Swanzey, Richmond, Royalston and Athol to Petersham, where he arrived about 4 o'clock P. M. weary and hungry, having fasted thirty-three hours.

The next morning after breakfast, not considering that he had fifty miles to travel on foot, with no means to subsist but on the charity of the public, he spent the morning until 10 o'clock, when he made his way home. At night found himself in Shrewsbury—asked permission and was admitted to sleep on a bed made on the floor, a small way East of the meeting-house. In the morning after walking about seven miles towards Westborough, his appetite was too strong to be dispensed with; and he called at a house on the South side of the road, and the East side of a small river, and asked for something to eat; they were out of bread, and were baking, but the good woman found a small piece of bread which she put in a pint of milk which he ate, and after walking sixteen miles further, found himself at home at 3 o'clock P. M.

At sixteen years of age, he was falsely told by

his pretended master that he was bound to him by his mother until twenty-one years old, to learn the trade of Shoemaking. Believing that to be true, he contented himself the best way he could until March 1791, being eighteen years and eight months old. He then began seriously to reflect on his situation, and the many injuries he believed that he had suffered from the hand of his pretended master, and expostulated with him in the following manner :—

Where is that silk handkerchief, bought at Boston, by my aunt Rhoda Fisher with the money that I received of Landlord Mann for Patridges, caught in the woods when but eleven years old, which cost seventy-five cents, and which I never had the pleasure to take into my hands ? Where is the money I received for all the Patridges and Hares that you borrowed ? And where is the money I lent you, received of Richard Lethbridge of Franklin, and of Mrs. Bullen of Medway, for fish taken from Wrentham Pond, when on errands with leave to stay, by fishing all night, to say nothing of the four I brought to you whilst the rain came down in torrents ? And above all, where are my nine sheep, due three years since, the natural increase after paying for keeping of the lamb pointed out by my grandfather John Fisher ? And a fine one it was, for which I paid to you that identical English crown

piece given to me by my father when he left me for West Point, from which place he never returned. And where is that bushel of rye which I earned by reaping for William Mellen, after faithfully doing the five days stent you gave me hoeing potatoes in new land? And why have you neglected to clothe me? Have I not served you faithfully? And have you not let me out by the day since I could do a man's work, instead of learning me the trade you said you would, when you told me my mother had bound me to you for that purpose? Answer these questions if you please master Bragg.

The handkerchief you bought with your money, my daughter *Jemima* wore out. The money you received for your morning, evening and midnight labors which I borrowed, I have honestly paid you three coppers of *George the second's*, which you spent at *Ephraim Littlefield's* March meeting day. The sheep I sold five of them to *Simeon Littlefield*, killed the other four and ate them. The rye I received of *William Mellen* on settlement, and have consumed it. As to paying your honest dues, and clothing you as I ought, I was so negligent in regard to justice, and shiftless in my business—attending so much to my neighbors, that I did not do either. But I have brought you up, or rather to be honest; you come up yourself. I certainly have taught you good economy, when I gave you a se-

vere scolding one morning before it was light when on the way to reap for Thaddeus Lovering, for wearing your meeting hat that cost four shillings, instead of wearing your every day hat. I know the crown was off and your hair stuck out at the top. I do not know but you have served me as faithfully as boys in general, and I believe that I have let you out to work now and then to the neighbors in the busy season of the year; let me think—why yes. You have worked some days for John Kilborn, for Andrew Watkins, for Asa Rockwood, for Thaddeus Lovering, for Jason Chamberlain, for William Chamberlain, for Reuben Fairbanks, for Asa Nocross, for Elisha Adams, for William Mellen, for Ezra Brown, for Dr. Joshua Richardson, for Timothy Rockwood, and about twenty days for Nathan Perry of Hopkinton, getting hay for Simeon Cutler, and John Claflin but one day reaping in Hopkinton, and some days for Capt Staples Chamberlain, to pay for corn I often had of him at three and six pence per bushel, instead of keeping what I raised for my own use, which I sold in the fall for two shillings and eight pence per bushel; for Asa Leland, for Capt. Lovering, and Enoch Chamberlain. Since you have been so kind as to labor where and when I wanted to have you, instead of learning the trade which I never was well acquainted with myself, I will get

you clothing . if you will go out to work and earn the money.

Now this controversy being ended, Arial took his pretended master at his word, and went to Brookline, the last of March 1891, and let himself to John Goddard, to work on his farm six months at six dollars per month ; returned and was furnished with two shirts, and a long linen and tow frock, and on the the eleventh of April at the rising of the sun, with a small bundle in his hand, walked twenty-six miles to John Goddard's in Brookline, ate his dinner and went to work at half past 1 P. M., Goddard being too much of an Aristocrat, for a Democrat to dwell with.

Mr. Goddard worked his men hard and kept them poor—gave them skim milk and bread for breakfast, and when set before Arial the thing so much offended him that he threw the puter quart bason, bread, milk, spoon and all on the kitchen floor.—This so much exasperated the old man, that he proposed to settle, which was gladly accepted. After settlement the old man, who was sixty years old, became more calm, and invited Arial to stop over night, and take breakfast, which he accepted, considering it good policy to quarter on his enemy. In the morning being Tuesday, let himself to Samuel Griggs, for five months at five dollars and sixty cents per month, and walked home the same day with the money received of John Goddard ;

since which time his pocket has never been entirely empty.

Friday walked to Samuel Griggs,' and Saturday commenced work—finished his five months to the satisfaction of all concerned. Returned home and paid over the money to his pretended master, and received such clothing as was thought proper; spent the winter as usual in the service of his pretended master.

April Alexander proposed to Arial, on the receipt of thirty dollars being paid him, he would relinquish forever any further claims on his services, and that his house should be his home, and his family should manufacture his clothing, he finding the raw materials. He not having any where to lay his head, and no friend on whom to rely in case of sickness, and viewing a home of great value, did consent to pay the thirty dollars as soon as he should earn it. Arial's pulse now beat high and quick; he felt relieved from manacles that had too long bound his hands to the service of a dishonest master. He had in some measure got the use of tools used in shoe business, and was at this time but a poor workman; but liking the business he first sought employment of Joseph Wares of Medway, who with a most contemptible sneer answered he had no occasion. This went like a dagger to his heart. To labor on a farm was



more than he could think of. In the meditations of his thoughts he remembered when at Samuel Griggs' in Brookline the year past, hearing Samuel Slack say that Jonas Tolman had hired a man to work for him at Shoemaking, and the man neglected so to do, which was the first intimation he ever had that one Shoemaker employed another, as such cases did not exist at that time in the country; and there was not, he believes, a Shoe Store in the town of Boston at that time. Not being willing to give up the ship to the first squall that struck her, to push his fourtune, he packed up his duds swung his pack and was off for Brookline. Called on Tolman who was then in want of help; would give four shillings for making boots, and two for shoes, twelve cents for tapping and heeling—journeymen paying one dollar per week for board and Tolman the rest; board was eight shillings per week at the best houses. He went to work first at poor shoes made from remnants, but in eight weeks was able to suit Tolman's most difficult customers. Times now went well—by working hard could clear seven dollars per month; remitted twenty dollars to Alexander Bragg the third day of Sept. 1792, went into Dr. Aspinwall's Hospital, was vaccinated with the Small Pox, which at this time was rapidly spreading through the country. The inhabitants of Boston had then past a vote to let it

spread through town. It would have been almost impossible to have remained in Boston or any other place in the country, without taking the Small Pox, which he greatly feared should he take it the natural way, he would have no chance for his life, which was the principal cause of his going into the Hospital, which must have offended his master Bragg, as it delayed his receiving the balance that he said was due him. He was willing a man should put his life in imminent danger, rather than the payment of the paltry sum of five or ten dollars should be delayed a few days, which otherwise would have been lost to him forever.

After thirty-one days Ariel was allowed to leave the Hospital, the pleasure of which none but himself can ever know. No one could leave the Hospital until he was thoroughly cleansed, as the Dr. was under bonds to the town of Brookline, of one hundred pounds for each and every one that should take the Small Pox of one of his patients, without the limits assigned to his pest house. He bore the disease with patience and fortitude, rejoicing that he had been vaccinated—although he was extremely afflicted, being blind four days, and deprived swallowing even any liquids for five days on account of the pock full in his throat; he was covered from the top of his head, down to his waist, and when full, formed but one scab. This disease

would have undoubtedly proved fatal to him, had it not been for William Ware, a young gentleman from Hopkinton, who was in the Hospital at the same time, whose kind care and tender treatment, be it said to his praise, laid Ariel under obligations never to be paid, and it grieves him to the heart when he reflects that William has long since paid the debt of nature.

The rules of the Hospital were absolute and strictly enforced. Heat you was not allowed, cold you might avoid; no meat, salt, butter, or any kind of grease were allowed. Skim milk, bread, molasses, sugar, all kinds of green sauce, and fruit well cooked might be taken at pleasure; all of which rules Ariel strictly attended to. A few of the first days he fed on boiled rice and skim milk; for seven days on sweet baked apples and milk, the latter part of the time on hasty pudding and milk; for twenty-eight days never tasted either butter, meat, or salt, except a little salt in the pudding the latter part of the time. The twenty-ninth day of his confinement he discovered a door open; on looking found it led to a celler—descended the stairs and found the celler well stored with roast beef, lamb, bread, butter, pies, and every thing a man in his situation could desire. From this abundant store of good things, he thought it no sin to take one mouthful, as he did not allow himself but

one. On the thirtieth day repeated the operation, and taking the same measure twice told, and on the thirty-first day of the same rate of measurement, filled his mouth three times, and made his escape without being observed either time by any one under the roof. The afternoon following left the pest house for one more congenial to his feelings ; it was that of the noble and generous hearted Benjamin Davis, whose wife was young with beauty, and character unrivalled, to which we may add his widowed mother, whose motherly feelings were equally extended to all, rich or poor, high or low—she was a mother indeed.

Arial returned to his work for Jonas Tolman, in thirty-eight days, and to Jonathan Dana's his old boarding place. In forty-five days after the hurry of the season was over, and but little to do, he began to look about and learn if possible what might be best for him to do when his engagement with Tolman should be out ; for that purpose he had recourse to the following enquiry :—Why do you not make calf shoes for Providence market ? John Howe, a speculator in leather wished to go to Providence, advised Tolman so to do. Tolman believing all that was said, cut forty pair of shoes, had them made, went to Providence with John Howe. Tolman sold his shoes at one dollar per pair, the same price he was told by Arial they would bring.

John Howe bought much leather of Mr. Draper a Tanner, in Attleborough, and who had a brother two miles South of him who was a Currier. Returned, was satisfied from whom Arial learned who bought shoes, and who sold leather—after close calculation found to work for the market far better than journey work.

After sending five dollars more to his pretended master, making twenty-five dollars in all, instead of thirty, for which he ever regretted he had paid any part. Things began to look to him in their true light; that his master as he called him, had acted under false colors, and was no better then a land pirate; he had also sold his place and had none for himself, by which Arial was deprived of that home promised him in consideration of money paid; and as to having his clothing made by the family, he had lost all hope, and indeed never received any favor to the value of one inch of thread. After settling with Tolman, paying his Tailor and Doctor's bill, left Brookline for Holliston, the inhabitants of which place were an honest, industrious people—had but little knowledge of human nature, and of course were superstitious, which he never discovered, although brought up among them, until he returned from Brookline, a more intelligent people, but now far behind many sections of the country.

After arriving at Holliston with ten dollars in his pocket, with a few clothes, he made all possible enquiries for board throughout all his old neighborhood. Not finding one that would trust him for three week's board, he sank down in despair, and resolved to return, and there in solitude to labor till his flesh should cleave to his bones, rather than be denied so small a favor through fear of non-payment. As he was about to leave, Asa Rockwood came in, or rather his wife sent him, as she wore the breeches, as the vulgar saying is, although she was twice as large as himself, who said "I and my wife if you wish, have concluded to find you room and board for one dollar per week, provided that you will pay at the end of three weeks, as we shall have but three in the family then." This was assented to; hired a horse of Abel Fisk of Hopkinton, went to Brookline, paid two dollars and fifty cents for tools; bought of John Howe, forty pounds of sole leather on credit, and thought it a large stock. Returned with his leather and tools, and commenced boarding with Asa Rockwood the 19th of April 1793; bought of Simeon Cutler one Calf-skin, and three of his son, paid seven dollars for the four skins, from which he made twenty-two pairs of shoes; hired a horse for fifty cents, bought a bag of hay of John Claflin, paid ten cents, and with his twenty-two pair of

shoes in saddle bags, and his bag of hay bound on behind him, before the sun had risen was off for Providence—stopped one and half mile North of Providence bridge, gave hay to his horse, and with one pair of shoes in his hand, and the saddle bags on his back, marched on. When going on to the bridge saw two men standing by the way side, when one of them called out—"Have you shoes to sell?" The respond was, I have. "How many?" Twenty-two pairs. "What do you ask?" One dollar per pair—looking at them, said—"I will give you twenty-one dollars and fifty cents." You shall have them said he—took the money, returned to his horse, found him refreshed, when he mounted and rode direct to Mr. Draper's in Attleborough, of whom he had heard when at Brookline. Bought six Calfskins—rode to Thurston's Tavern in Franklin, gave his horse the hay that remained, and arrived home one hour after sun down the same day; paid three weeks board, and for his horse, and found that eight dollars would remain for his three weeks work, which was far better than seven dollars per month at Brookline, where the inhabitants thought it beneath their dignity to hold conversation with their hired help, or a journeyman shoemaker—Mr. John Howe, Mr. Jonathan Dana, and the noble hearted Benjamin Davis, excepted.

Continued to manufacture shoes until he had

accumulated eighty dollars, when he spent forty dollars for clothing. Went to Brookline where he bought a first rate silver watch of Jonas Tolman. Returned home—took supper, walked over to Ephraim Littlefield's where there was a poppet show as they called it; found there among them a young man by the name of William Phipps, who from an envious disposition, or otherwise, took occasion to say that he thought a watch would be the first thing that fop of a Bragg would have. Is it not enough to say he paid for the watch when he bought it, and owed no man a cent? He continued in this small way of business until April the first 1794, left and went to board with Asa Nocross. Worked at Shoemaking, and July the first commenced and worked four weeks at haying for Asa Nocross, for fifteen dollars, then at shoes again. In October hired Bethuel Ellis for one year an accomplished workman, for eighty-dollars the year. In Jan. went to board with Elias Lovering. In April following hired Jonathan Bryant one year for ninety dollars. On the 19th of October 1795 removed into a small house hired of Aaron Phipps, it being the first house in the North East part of Milford, on the County road, leading to Boston, where he boarded himself and men by the help of his mother, who did his house work. This move was on account of the inhabitants at this time be-



ing strangers to money-making by taking boarders. Bethuel Ellis' time being out, he hired him for one year more at one hundred and forty-four dollars ; continued manufacturing Calfskin shoes until April, when Bryant's time was out, settled and paid him and all other demands; and on strict enquiry, found he had cleared with his own labor but one dollar and seventy-five cents, which he considered poor wages for six months, when he proposed to Ellis that he should shift his business from that of Calf shoes, to that of making negro shoes, to which Ellis readily consented. Bought stock and went to work for the slaves of the South ; little regard being paid to the quality either of stock, or work, as Ellis closed forty pairs in a day, and made five pair a day, while Ariel what time he had beside cutting, would make eight pairs per day. In the course of the fall hired Benjamin Bullard one month—paid him twenty dollars. At the end of six months sold out, and on settlement of this negro concern, found he had cleared in six months past, three hundred and fifty dollars. Made Calf shoes through the winter ; sold out in spring at but little more than cost—the cost of board for eighteen months past, including house rent at nineteen dollars per year, and wood for the house and shop at one dollar and twenty-five cents per cord, eight feet wood. Rye one dollar and twenty-five cents; corn

at one dollar per bushel; pork eight cents by the hog per pound; beef on the foot from the drove five dollars and fifty cents per hundred; butter one shilling per pound; cheese eight cents; coffee thirty-three; bohea tea thirty; sugar eleven cents, with other necessaries common in a family much the same price as at this day, making in the total one dollar and four cents a head per week.

In 1796 married Sibbel Nocross, and on the first day of April 1797 removed with his wife and mother, and twelve hundred dollars, to a house in Milford, owned and occupied in part by Nathan Parkhurst. Business at this time became dull. Boots and shoes made this season, could be sold at cost no other way than on time. The first of April 1798, removed with wife and mother and one child to the house of Elisha Parkhurst, where he resided one year. From the first of June to the last of July the dysentary prevailed to an alarming degree. In the short time of ninety days, about forty died out of the town of Milford, which contained at that time, about eight hundred souls. Those that died mostly were small children. His son was taken with this most fatal disease the first of July. In three days after, his wife was violently seized with the same disorder, and lingered under a distressing sickness, until 3. o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth of July. After taking her farewell of

the partner of her bosom, and her little son, who she resigned to the care of her husband, she in calm resignation exchanged her earthly state for that of everlasting. In the death of his wife, he was inconsolable ; he had no friend to whom he could impart his trouble. He was broken down in business ; he had now no object to stimulate him to action. Business was not only bad, but grew worse every day. Money was not to be had, and he who owed one dollar and had not more than double that amount in stock, at former prices could not pay his debts. He was at this time owing six hundred dollars, and had paid no attention to collecting his debts, or disposing what little goods were on hand, until January 1799, when he was called on by Ephraim Chapin, to whom money was due, which brought him to see his present situation. Paying his debts was ever dear to him, as he never had a note given on time overlay the day of payment. With due dilligence, he set himself about collecting his debts ; the more he looked after his creditors, the more he found them unable to pay. But after due dilligence not only in collecting as well as selling all his effects, did on the first day of April pay the last cent he owed to any human being, leaving him with some small articles, not to the value of more than fifty dollars, which was all that remained of his twelve hundred dol-

lars, and the loss of two year's time, with his mother on his hands who was feeble and destitute. He returned on the last week in March all his household goods, with few exceptions, to his wife's father, from whom they came, and with them his little son; his dear mother he boarded out with Moses Hiscock, at his own expense, but left not the house himself until the last day of March 1779. At 9 o'clock in the evening took lodgings at Stephen Kilborns; at 2 o'clock in the morning was called to the burning of Phineas Eames' house, and shocking to relate, on coming to the house found the sides falling in with Mr. E's. two apprentices at the cabinet work, viz: Turner and Hayward with his little son about six years old, which lay burning in the flames! The same day came to board with Daniel Hemingway in Holliston, where he soon sunk into despondency. He brooded over all his misfortunes—his all was gone, and he could not forget the irreparable loss of his wife; and himself almost twenty and seven years old, lonely and penniless! By these circumstances he was taught to know that the present time is all that man can boast. Vain pride is but a bubble that breaks at death.

What you think right, that do to day,  
Come life or death, come when it may!

In the last part of May 1799, went a journey to

Hardwick, to pay some taxes on land in that town for Josiah Nelson and Nathan Parkhurst. In this journey he had the company of Miss Elizabeth Chamberlain to her brothers, William Chamberlain in Rockingham. On his return his journey had in some measure revived his spirits; and under pressing demands for means to live on, he went into business with Hamlett Barber, June 26th. They hired two men and a boy between them, and manufactured boots and shoes; were not absent from their seats little or none till the first of April 1800, when they closed up their business; then he found he had three hundred dollars cash on hand, besides paying seventy dollars for his mother's board, clothing, and carrying her to her daughter Lincolns in Vermont, exclusive of what she had done binding shoes. June following he went a journey with James Barber, to see his brother Willard in N. Y., but of the town and County he then resided in, if living, he knew not. Barber went with him to Whitestown, Utica, Rome, Newhafford, and down the Unidily, enquiring for Willard Bragg of all they met. After the search became almost hopeless, they met a man, to whom they put this question—Do you know any man by the name of Bragg in this County? "I do not, but go to the next house, there is a man that knows all things; he can tell you." We soon came to the man plough-

ing among corn; as he came to the road we accosted him thus—Are you the man that knows all things? We met a man that said you did. “I think he is mistaken.” Well Sir, do you know a man by the name of Bragg? “Bragg, Bragg, I do not.” But you go to the next house, they can tell you; there is a young man there that came into this neighborhood this Spring.” I asked him who made his pants? “Mrs. Bragg.” They found the young man who said Willard Bragg was at the German Flats, when he left. They retraced their steps—found his brother and his wife all well. On their return Ariel visited his two sisters in Wilmington, Vt. which was the first time but one he ever saw his sister Eunice.

Returned to Holliston, manufactured shoes, until November 1801, when he sailed from Boston for Baltimore, with shoes and many other articles.—Being well prepared for manufacturing in that place, for that purpose hired James Barber to go with him. But finding that place not so promising as he expected, sold his goods and returned by land the last of December. Manufactured shoes till the Fall of 1802. Sold his shoes and opened a small Store of English and West India Goods, which business he followed for two years.

On the eighth day of March 1803 bought him a small farm in Milford of Capt. Perry Daniels, and

on the tenth day married Elizabeth Chamberlain of Holliston, daughter of Enoch Chamberlain. Let his house for two years, and lived with his wife in the house with Daniel Hemingway, with whom he had boarded some years—carrying on his farm himself until the last of March 1805, when he removed on to his farm and set out an orchard of Apple trees, which were quite small. Hired Isaac Kibee of Medway, and Luther Pumroy of Northampton to make shoes; cut their work and attended to his farm. Finding much difficulty in buying good butter, he bought pasture land, kept four cows and a horse for family use, and to do his work on the farm. Increased his business at shoes by an addition of one man yearly until 1809, when he curtailed his business and built him a house, forty by thirty-two, with a kitchen thirty-two by nineteen, and wood house thirty by sixteen, all joining each other, for the purpose of boarding twelve men if wanted, as all journeymen shoemakers were single men, and no married men at that day worked journey work. But ere long he found that he had made a gross mistake. Journeymen soon began to get married, when not many except married men were to be hired. Being disappointed in the use of the house, did from time to time, as circumstances offered, fill his house with thirteen of his own children. He moved into his new house in

September; a little more than one year after, his mother sickened, and died on the fourth day of November 1810, aged sixty-six years. Continued his shoe business in a small shop taken from his old house.

In 1805 moved across the way with an addition to its length of six feet, cost of which was fifty dollars. In 1816, built him a barn fifty by thirty feet, which was raised on the first day of June, and on the second he was called to the bed side, under a most afflicting scene, even that of witnessing his beloved wife's eyes closed in death! She had brought him five sons and two daughters, who with him mourned the loss of the best of mothers, by the fatal disease consumption. Under this afflicting scene he felt himself under double obligations of being not only a father to his children, but a mother. Having now eight children on his hands, with the one by his first wife, there was no time to loose in providing for his children, and obtaining a suitable woman to take charge of the family concerns generally. In a short time he had the good fortune to agree with the widow Corbett, of Hopkinton, who looked well to the concerns of the house, and particularly to that of his children. She continued until August the twenty-fifth, 1817, the day he married Nancy Cutler, daughter of Henry Mellen, who has brought him three sons and



two daughters. Eleven of his children are now living, and all married. Sally died February 10, 1823, aged twenty-one months and four days.—Newell died March 18, 1826, aged seventeen months and eighteen days.

In 1819, built him a new shop which cost two hundred and sixty dollars, and removed the old shop to be used as a corn barn ; but it was not suffered long to be used for such a noble purpose, but was removed for the third time to where it now stands, at the expense of fifty dollars.

The names of his children and day of their birth are as follows :—

Maynard, son of his first wife,	January 13, 1797.
Almira, daughter of his second wife,	Oct 11, 1803.
Appleton, son                   “           “           “	April 3, 1805.
Fowler, son                   “           “           “	June 15, 1807.
Emely, daughter           “           “           “	Jan. 23, 1809.
Alfred, son                   “           “           “	July 10, 1811.
Arial, son                   “           “           “	May 24, 1813.
Willard, son               “           “           “	April 10, 1815.
Alexis & Elizabeth of the third wife,	May 20, 1818.
Mellen C. son               “           “           “	Nov. 19, 1819.
Sally, daughter           “           “           “	May 6, 1822.
Newell, son                   “           “           “	Oct. 1, 1824.

Number of acres of his farm—time, cost, and of whom bought.

Eighteen acres and buildings of Perry Daniel	
March 8, 1803,	\$1050,00
Twenty-eight rods of Daniel Heming-	
way, April 1803,	8,00
Nine acres and 100 rods of James Perry,	
March 15, 1805,	160,00
Thirteen acres and 68 rods of Walter Bul-	
lard, December 14, 1805,	180,00
Six acres and 80 rods of Aaron Bullard,	
December 14, 1805,	96,00
Nine acres of Jonathan Bullard, October	
25, 1806,	400,00
One acre 134 rods of Abner Pond, June 1,	
1806,	36,81
Ten acres of Elias Lovering, December 28,	
1807,	210,00
Eight acres of Enoch Chamberlain and son,	
December 25, 1808,	180,00
Eighty-eight acres and 53 rods of John Lit-	
tlefield, August 12, 1816,	2200,00
Eleven acres 90 rods of James Cutler, May	
10, 1828,	247,83
One acre and horse of Deborah Kilborn,	
April 5, 1831,	140,00
One acre of Maynard Bragg, March 28,	
1835,	100,00
<hr/>	
Total No. of acres—178 73 rods—Do.	
cost,	\$5003,39

The buildings he has erected on his farm with

some small repairs, the cost of which in 1835, was \$5,152. have suffered many heavy losses, a natural consequence in so long a run of business most of which was occasioned by accommodation to others, and he flatters himself that those who follow him, may be more scrupulous in doing good. From his own experience he lays it down as a maxim, that no man can help another in the way of business; who has not given strong evidence, that he has by all the means in his power helped himself, and paid strict regard to justice, truth and economy in all his transactions.

He has performed military duty twenty-nine years at his own expense; has held a Commission in every grade, from Ensign to Colonel Commander of a Regiment. Has been agent for his town in long contested, and incorrigible litigations; has done for many years much of his town's business; gave great satisfaction to the poor when called to provide for them, and was the first who caused a stop to be put to letting out the poor at auction to the lowest bidder, either separately, or all together, to which towns in general have paid but little regard to the bidders means or disposition suitably to provide for their actual wants. This attention to the poor he thinks the best act of his life, except that of providing for his own family.

In 1839 was elected Representative, to the Gen-

eral Court, and in 1842, accepted a seat in the Senate ; thus emerging from obscurity, ignorance and poverty, he has struggled through many years of hard labor intermingled with pain, sorrow, adversity and prosperity. Should any one learn from the foregoing, to meliorate his own condition it would more than compensate for what is here written ; as it is a wise man that learns from the experience of others, whilst those more unwise, must learn from their own as they will learn from no others.

July 1, 1846.



## MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

*The following miscellaneous Poetry, the author composed at different times, and now places it on record with this Memoir.*

### THE DOCTRINE OF CHANCE.

Why fancy this, so strange a world,  
That all by chance is round us hurl'd ;  
No argument man can advance,  
Can ever prove all came by chance.

The forest trees that tower high,  
And lo the star, the spangled sky ;  
The splendid sun all glorious shine,  
Declare all nature's work divine !

The order of the universe,  
Directs all nature in its course ;  
She guides the stars that round us burn,  
The moon that changes in her turn.

Nothing takes place without a cause,  
And all moves on by nature's laws ;  
The elements that strive and rend,  
In blackness all their fury spend.

In anger man may raise his sword,  
In anger shed his neighbor's blood ;  
Hindo's in poison dip their lance,  
Can never prove all came by chance.

The sun, nor moon for ages past,  
Have never varied from their place ;  
From lofty mountains rivers flow,  
Winding their way to plains below,

The ebb and flowing of the tide.  
By man can never be denied ;  
The bounding of the seas and flood,  
Declares there is all nature's God.

All flesh as grass before him stand,  
All nature moves at his command  
Whose presence fills immensity,  
To whom all mortals bend the knee.

## MEMOIRS OF PAST EVENTS.

Come dear friend and tell me why comes that mournful sound ?

What means that grief-worn furrow that on thy cheek is found ?

That lock upon my head that's whiten'd like the frost,  
Shows by force of reason what disappointments cost.

Time dear youth will bring you in place like mine to stand,  
Should you survive to a long life, 'tis but a span ;  
While reason undisturbed holds empire o'er my brain,  
Forget the days that's past, nor wish for them again.

Oh the year of seventeen hundred and seventy-nine,  
My sire was clad in arms and fortune proved unkind ;  
Two brothers and three sisters, a mother wretched poor,  
Was parted from her children, for food she had no more !

Her child in her arms to her father did repair,  
Four children on the town their charity to share !  
Neglected and despised no one to hear complaint—  
Father's bones were bleaching near the river on West Point.

World to one was fleeting whose days had ne'er been blest,  
He view'd among the crowd one fairer than the rest,  
Whose heart and hand obtained, engaged to give support,  
A heart in solitude God poured the blessing out.

Death thou all destroyer, why hast thou come so soon,  
To cut the thread of love which was but just begun ;  
The violet and the rose, the lilly on its stem,  
Were not so fine and fair as thou hast taken home.

She left a man in sorrow, a son that's motherless,  
And who together lingered without a smile to bless,  
Till like a gift from heaven a substitute was found,

Who has gone to realms of bliss and never to return.

A mind well cultivated always just and kind,  
 With fortitude she languished, to death she was resigned ;  
 She open'd her mouth in wisdom, closed her eyes in death,  
 Her children bless her memory with their latest breath.

Now sorrow pain'd the heart, his bosom heaves a sigh,  
 Eight children round his board to him they oft drew nigh;  
 No fostering mother's breast for them to lean upon,  
 To wipe their tears away or hear them sobbing mourn.

We'll shun such dreary thoughts that oft disturb the mind,  
 Death laid two mother's low, God gave the third that's kind,  
 Who in love and union to us so near allied,  
 All in whose love and care with safety may confide:

### REFLECTIONS

*Of the author in the stillness of the night, and the evening  
 of his days, on passing the Cottage house from which he  
 had taken his first wife, now uninhabited and in ruins.*

In youth we pass our hours away,  
 And take no thought for days to come;  
 Our steps are light our hearths are gay,  
 Thus on our youthful moments run.

The cott where blaz'd the social fire,  
 Where mirth and friendship reign'd within;  
 And where then dwelt an honest sire,  
 Now there's not heard the sound of man.

Welcome beneath this humble roof,  
 With friend in youth I've set to chat—

Whose inmates all remov'd by death,  
 Their cottage left to owls and bats.

The sills have crumbled into dust,  
 The gable ends have fallen in;  
 The nails gave way by age and rust,  
 And through it howls the midnight winds.

As you pass by no voice is heard,  
 A solemn stillness chills your blood;  
 Around this cottage snow is laid,  
 That man nor beast hath never trod.

When three score years have marked your chart,  
 What scenes of sorrow will you tell—  
 How many griefs have swell'd your heart,  
 And from your eyes what tears have fell.

As time rolls on death marks his own,  
 And thoughtless man regards it not;  
 While friends are sever'd one by one,  
 The place they fill'd is soon forgot !

*To the memory of Mrs. Anna wife of Capt. Anna Leland.*

. It is where the wild flowers grow,  
 It is where the wild briars spring;  
 It is where the milky streams flow,  
 And where the feather'd songsters sing.

It is there a kind father mourn'd,  
 It is there nature in silence weeps—  
 Oh it is there thy mother groan'd,  
 And it is there thy mother sleeps.



It is where the wild-beast night howl  
Is heard from the valley below;  
It is there the red man once crawl'd  
For the better use of his bow.

It is there she who bore thee is laid,  
It is there she rests from her toils,  
The wild grass that waves o'er her head,  
You've water'd with tears of her child.

— ● —  
ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING BY MISS ACHSAH LE-  
LAND.

Oh the sweet joy that friendship gives,  
Whose happiness is to relieve;  
Who loves to assuage the sinking grief,  
And give the aching heart relief.

Who searches every anxious care,  
And in them seems a part to share;  
Who in remembrance of friends so dear,  
Can join the sympathetic tear.

The peace it gives who can express?  
The gratitude that fills my breast,  
Shall firm remain from day to day,  
Although thy cares it can't repay.

## ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Judgment just leaves conscience clear, .  
Error brings trouble, care and fear;  
Then stay your hand shed not man's blood,  
As life and death belong to God.

Let mercy rule in every cause,  
And mingled be in all man's laws;  
'Tween life and death let no man set,  
Take that from him he can't remit.

Then spare his life, he may repent,  
Take not man's life you may relent;  
He may become a man like you,  
Holy and wise, both just and true.

Oh take not that you cannot give,  
You may rejoice to see him live;  
Why force a soul loaded with sin  
Into a state that never ends?

Should ignorance be on his side,  
Insanity, he may be tried—  
Time may unfold and bring to light  
The jury's wrong, the culprit right.

All laws abolish to shed man's blood,  
And leave the work to nature's God,  
Whose ways like truth eternal stand,  
To teach the erring ways of man.

Enlighten'd nations stand aghast  
At human sacrifices past;  
Nations not many years to come  
Will stand amaz'd at was done.

*The last words in substance of the author's first wife, who died July 16, 1798, aged 19 years 3 months and 10 days.*

Farewell my friend, my earthly all,  
 And must we, must we part so soon?  
 My bosom how can I unfold,  
 To know I can't come back again.  
 Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
 My loving friend farewell.

Farewell, this is the parting hour  
 With you who shar'd my joys and pains;  
 Doom'd but to die just like a flower,  
 And know I can't come back again!  
 Farewell, &c.

Farewell dear friend my glass is run,  
 And my short life draws to its end;  
 Forget me not, but never mourn  
 For her who can't come back again.  
 Farewell, &c.

Farewell to all the joys of life,  
 To heaven let my thoughts ascend,  
 When death shall cut this thread of life,  
 I know I can't come back again.  
 Farewell, &c.

Farewell my soul must take its flight,  
 Serenely let my hours but end  
 And wend my way to realms of light,  
 From whence I can't come back again.  
 Farewell, &c.

Farewell my son before you lies  
 That breast to which you fondly clung,

In silence sinks no more to rise,  
To you I can't come back again.  
Farewell, &c.

---

REFLECTIONS ON THE FOREGOING.

In youth I smil'd without a cause,  
And did not know my joys would end;  
But soon was taught by nature's laws,  
To know she can't come back again.  
That voice that cheer'd my midnight hours,  
And shar'd with me my joys and pains;  
Bloom'd but to die a youthful flower,  
I know she can't come back again.

Oh could my memory but cease,  
My life but find a peaceful end,  
Those tears that flow forever cease  
For her that can't come back again.

Why should that flower die so soon,  
Whose years did never count twice ten?  
And must I linger here to mourn,  
For her who can't come back again.

God of my life look gently down,  
Serenely let my days but end,  
Since all my earthly joys are flown,  
With her who can't come back again.

I'll look beyond this vale of tears,  
Where sighing and sorrow never comes,  
Cut short the number of my years,  
Could we who love but meet again.

**THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE AND PROSPERITY.**

View the flowers as they spring,  
Odors to the breezes fling—  
While the groves with music ring  
From nature's feather'd tribe :  
And who greets the morning sun,  
Their labors from their hopes begun,  
By ruffians rob'd of all their young,  
That blasted all their joys.

Now their hopes and labors lost,  
And their cries are on the blast,  
On the wing the fowler cast  
Them fluttering at his feet:  
So shall youth's strong hope arise,  
With naught but wealth before his eyes,  
Before he grasps the fountain flies  
Like light beams of the sun.

Youthful man this lesson hear,  
Know that thou hast one to fear;  
God of love who's ever near,  
When earthly hopes shall fail ;  
You may strive, but strive in vain,  
For to ascend to wealth and fame,  
And to the last may still remain,  
A pilgrim on the land.

Like a lovely blooming flower,  
Springing from a summer's shower,  
Droop and die within an hour,  
Beneath the burning sun ;  
Could all men their wealth retain,  
That wealth they've labored long to gain,

More blest is he who leaves no stain  
Upon his character.

Time on wings exceeds man's thoughts,  
All his works shall come to naught,  
And himself remember'd not,  
Till God shall bid him rise,  
Grief worn furrows from his eyes  
Now points to sorrows long past by,  
His broken heart now heaves a sigh,  
And waits for death's relief.

---

ELIZABETH C. BRAGG, FOR MARY ELLIS' ALBUM.

Youth a flower of gay delight,  
That time will swiftly end;  
That droops and dies by nature's blight,  
And never blooms again.

Virtue 's a blessing from above  
That cheers us when we die;  
To all that claim our tender love,  
To them we're always nigh.

Nations to females owe their birth,  
Nature to them hath given  
The power to teach the joys of earth,  
And form man's soul for heaven.

With joy we've met, in friendship part,  
The love I bear to thee,  
Shall find no void within my heart,  
As thou canst none for me.

Oh Mary, for thy Album round,  
Accept my thanks unfeigned;  
It gives me joy that I have found  
Your Album bears my name.

---

*A gentleman on board of a Steam Boat from Boston to East Boston, in search of his mother, after twenty-nine years absence at sea, not knowing she was on board.*

The boat the wharf was leaving fast,  
Parental love bloom'd on the deck,  
A noble form was seen to pass,  
By female eyes that look'd through specks.

With manly form he trod the deck,  
Regardless of the chequer'd crew—  
Save one whose heart with sorrow rent,  
Remark'd his wants can't be but few.

He was passing by his mother,  
His listening ear had caught the sound :  
One I seek and that's my mother,  
Oh tell me where she can be found?

In early life I left my home,  
I sail'd the world both far and near ;  
My mother's breast would be a throne,  
Where love could drop the silent tear.

East Boston wharf the boat drew near,  
Trembling with age she left her seat,  
Whose eyes were wet with sorrow's tear,  
In hopes some friendly hand to meet.

He bought of fruit and bread quite nigh,

And turn'd her suffering wants to meet;  
And as this widow pass'd him by,

He said, dear madam, will you eat?

Sir, you'll accept my thanks I pray,

It joys my heart such friends to meet,  
For I've not tasted bread to day—

Dear Sir, it is a sumptuous feast.

Oh tell me where you'r going so fast?

Dear sir, to labor not far off;

My lot was by misfortune cast, -

My husband 's dead, my children lost.

Madam, I crave your husband's name,

In truth dear friend that name is mine !

Twenty-nine years I've plow'd the main,

And three times six have cross'd the line.

The strings that bound her cap were red,

My mother used such strings to wear;

How long have you had them he said,

Dear Sir, 'tis more than forty years.

When I was young I saw those strings,

Josephus then they call'd my name;

Yours is the breast to which I clung,

Mother, behold your long lost son !

She shriek'd, she fainted, and she fell,

Into his arms amid the crowd !

It joys the heart of all to tell,

And have such scenes proclaim'd abroad.



## PRIEST'S LAMENTATION.

How hard it is by death to part,  
We part nor meet again;  
It kills my blood, it pains my heart,  
To leave this world in sin.

The good old times, of ages past,  
When priests and kings bore rule,  
Return no more to cheer my heart,  
Or stop the mouth of fools.

The Christian and the thinking man,  
Have broke the monarch's chain;  
Its broken, oh its broken, and  
It can't be join'd again.

When holy priests taught men their creed,  
And kings rode on the fence;  
When racks were made to supersede  
Reason and common sense :

Then men were humbled in our sight,  
And when they went astray,  
A tenth in tithes set all things right,  
And we had naught to say.

O foolish man, how canst thou think  
To scan the works of God !  
Did priests not pray, God not to wink,  
To spare a martyr's blood.

## FOR INFORMATION.

Tell me who loves to break the tender string,  
Around female hearts that's trembling ?  
And who that loves the stumbling block to fling,  
With treacherous hearts dissembling.

Who that love the cords of love to sever  
That binds the hearts of two in one—  
That sets the daughter against the mother,  
And the father against the son?

And what man's cloak covers too many crimes,  
Whose cupidity dreads the light ?  
And what religious creed justly defin'd  
Condemns man's soul to endless night ?

What Christian sect gives life to save the soul,  
And damns his soul to please his God ?  
By creeds like this, have many been control'd,  
And martyrs sealed it with their blood !

Who is it that comes in at the back door,  
And takes the first seat in the room ?  
Who leads woman captive, and would do more,  
When the good man is not at home ?

Say who is it that shows his holy creed,  
At corners praying day and night ?  
Who is it makes the widow's heart to bleed,  
When bones of the dead lay in sight ?

Who is it that's inclin'd to all but good,  
That burn'd Servetus when in rule ?  
Now tell me who can love a hypocrite  
That spends his days as would a fool ?

*On the death of his grandson John Fisher Jones,  
who died January 18, 1839, aged 5 years and 7  
months.*

As leaves fall from the limbs,  
Or rose buds from the stems  
Cut by the frost ;  
So fell the young, the brave,  
No healing art could save  
From the consuming grave,  
Where all is lost !

Death unexpected come,  
And claim'd of me my son !  
And must he go,  
Bright in the morn of life ?  
He knew no sin nor strife,  
Death cut the thread of life,  
And laid him low.

My son, my hopeful son,  
Too soon thy glass hath run—  
Thou canst not fear ;  
Thy groans in death ascend,  
That shakes the heart of friends  
While round thy bed attends,  
Thy mother dear.

Oh canst thou understand,  
It is thy mother's hand  
Laid on thy face.  
No answer from him come,  
In agony he flung  
His arms, and to her clung,  
But could not speak.

He's paid the debt of death ;  
To nature's God his breath,  
Great was his fall ;  
He sleeps within the grave,  
With the good and the brave,  
The beggar and the slave,  
Peace to them all.

---

*Wrote on and after the youthful Temperance Celebration, at Milford, July 4, 1842, where a school from each Ward appeared with their parents and teachers, called the Cold Water Army.*

To chaunt the praise of rustic swains,  
That work I leave to other men,  
I'll raise my voice to nobler strains,  
And nobler thoughts employ my pen.

This day 's a blest and glorious day,  
A day on which the British chain  
Was broken, and shall we now delay,  
As blest a victory to gain.

Bright the morn glorious was the deed  
To lead the numerous army forth,  
To sooth the heart that often bleeds,  
And bless the after days of youth.

One hundred feet the grotto square,  
Shaded o'er with green birches tall,  
Whose web was woven for the fair,  
And form'd one grand and spacious hall.

They come, they come, the Band proclaim,

Instructors with their armies meet ;  
With hearts of joy the arbor gain,  
Where every soldier finds a seat.

The old and young, weary and lame,  
Here in concord met together,  
To join the sympathetic strain,  
And cheer the heart of every mother.

The festive board with bounty crown'd,  
Trembled beneath its mighty load,  
On which the youthful army fed,  
And alcohol was not allow'd.

The smiling youth in pink and green,  
From East to West, from North to South,  
Were with their happy parents seen,  
Receiving wisdom from their mouth.

Here sleep retired, and hearts beat high,  
Reason and thought resum'd her throne ;  
Banners with mottos waving high,  
In hands of youth to manhood grown.

The scene is closed, the sun declines,  
We part not all to meet again—  
While some may linger long behind,  
Others an early grave may find.

The setting sun will close the day,  
So death will close your life's career ;  
The wheels of time make no delay,  
To bring that fearful moment near.

## REFLECTIONS.

Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still like muffle drums are beating,  
Funeral marches to the grave.

## ANSWER.

The Lord of glory had one creed,  
On good ground sow good seed :  
The naked clothe the hungry feed,  
And heal the hearts that bleed.

Nature in all her various ways,  
To mortal man unknown ;  
Performs her work from day to day,  
The earth with beauty crowns.

Nature supplies the wants of man,  
Beasts on her bounty feed ;  
By natures all harmonious plan,  
The earth must yield her seed.

The mighty deep by nature flows,  
The bounds that nature set ;  
Man never had the power to know,  
Nor nature to forget.

All nature fills immensity,  
As nature never ends,  
No man shall ever see  
When nature first began.

Why thinkest thou, oh foolish man,  
To scan the works of God !  
Wast thou not made to till the ground,  
And bare afflictions rod.

## ON THE THOUGHTLESSNESS OF YOUTH.

It grieves me to the heart to think  
Of past times I have miss'd;  
I've forged the chain then broke the link  
That would have made me blest.

In youth when oft the fair I've met,  
A flush come o'er their cheek;  
We'd chat and chat, and then regret  
That time had been so fleet.

That heavenly music of the tongue,  
Makes melody of heart;  
And when the chat was once begun,  
We always grieve to part.

Our hearts were fill'd with mirth and glee,  
While time makes no delay;  
Regardless of eternity,  
Though life wears but a day.

But part we must, no pardon have,  
Our tongues they must be still;  
Our tears fall fast upon the grave,  
There all our sorrows tell.

Cold sweat upon the marble brow,  
Where death hath laid his hand,  
Cuts short man's days and lays him low,  
'Tis nature's dread command.

*Composed and read at the trial for a Union of Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes in Milford, and the neighboring towns, in 1886.*

The farmer's wants are well supplied,  
While to mechanics 'tis denied  
Their business rightly to conduct,  
Want of union is want of luck.

Assemble then and all unite,  
To give one price and what is right,  
To honest men for work done well,  
And in no case to undersell.

Look well to all you do employ,  
Your work well done, no stock destroy;  
For he who o'erlooks not his men,  
Gives them his purse and all therein.

Then shall your cash book well be lin'd,  
Accommodation always find;  
Long credit then you will not need,  
Nor at the banks for discount plead.

Your friends releas'd who under-write,  
Your slumbers sweet though long the night;  
When prudence is before the eye,  
Economy is always nigh.

Untrammel'd minds will in a trice,  
With confidence command a price;  
Wisdom in all things to control,  
Brightens the eye and joys the soul.



*Written on the execution of Russell and Crockett, which took place in the jail-yard, Boston March 16, 1836, for setting fire to a dwelling house at that place, October 1835.*

The horrid midnight burning flames,  
Rising from your incendaries hand;  
Confines you restless here in chains,  
To wait your country's dread command !

With hearts depraved, beneath your cloak,  
Regardless of the laws of God !  
Your country's mercy to provoke,  
Wreak vengeance on your neighbor's blood.

You stand most rare within this bar,  
To matchless men all Adam's race,  
To pardon you will never dare,  
Or even show the signs of grace.

Justice demands no smiles for thee,  
All nature trembl'd at your birth;  
And mortal man will never see  
A greater evil on the earth.

From eyes of flint would fall a tear,  
And hearts of marble freely bleed,  
Villians to know like you were clear'd,  
To propogate such midnight deeds.

Go, wretches die beneath the knot,  
May God have mercy on your souls;  
A warning be to those that not  
Know how their passions to control.

## REFLECTIONS ON PAST MISFORTUNES.

Why am I mark'd for sorrows child ?

Why are my joys turn'd into tears ?

Without one friend on me to smile,

Or soothe my short and wasting years.

## IN YOUTH.

Father of heaven, I have no sire,

I am his second orphan son ;

He gave his life for liberty,

Of friends or wealth I then had none.

## IN MANHOOD.

Could love recall the fleeting breath,

I would not mourn a father's home ;

Affection soothe relentless death,

That laid my joys low in the tomb.

Our hearts were in one bundle bound,

Death the thread of life did sever

And laid my joys beneath the ground,

Never to meet, no not never.

Now like the troubl'd oceans foam,

My passions rise, and like a blast

That swiftly bear me to the tomb,

My hours of grief can't fly too fast.

I close my eyes and dream in sleep,

That robs me of refreshing rest ;

I wake and only wake to weep,

Without paternal love to bless.

No father's house or mother's home,

Where I could spend one lonesome hour ;

For all was lost I'm doom'd to roam,

And mourn that lost and fallen flower.

## SITUATIONS COMPARED.

The lark from the meadow and the lawn,  
Mounts cheerly on her pinions high,  
With songs to greet the coming morn,  
And grace the blue etherial sky.

In living free she's not denied,  
No willful wrong corrodes her breast;  
In innocence she lives and dies,  
With her own progeny from her nest.

While man is doom'd to harder fate,  
To sweat and toil a life-long day—  
May knock and call at fortune's gate.  
And then by fate be turn'd away.

Forced into life naked and bare,  
And forced out without his consent;  
The God of heaven only knows where,  
And for what good cause he was sent.

Is there no life but only this,  
No joys to cheer the drooping heart?  
Is there no place more solid bliss,  
I have none now for to impart.

## WORDS OF FRIENDSHIP.

April 8, 1839.

Mr. ABNER KNEELAND, dear and respected friend, how can I convey to you the sorrowful emotions of my heart when casting my eye over your valedictory address, which was the first intimation I had of your absence. Since it is so I can only say—

Fare thee well, my friend farewell,  
When I saw you who could tell  
From my lips what might have fell,  
To know your destiny.

Shall we never meet again?  
Still for one cause we'll both contend;  
And in that cause our life we'll end,  
For truth and liberty.

On the proud records of fame,  
Thousands will respect your name,  
Long after you in dust have lain,  
In the sweet sleep of death.

May your latter days be blest,  
Beyond your foes in the fair West;  
And where your bones in peace may rest,  
While nature's God remains.

## THE DRUNKARD'S REFORM.

When will you leave off drinking rum ?

I do not know sir, when would you ?

I'd leave before I had begun—

If I could not sir, how could you ?

But since you've been so very kind,

And told me what I might have done,

I have just now made up my mind,

To tell you when I'll drink no rum,

And throw my bottles all away,

And throw my bottles all away,

And throw my bottles all away,

And throw my bottles all away.

When misery joys my wife and child,

And winding streams up hill shall run ;

When death shall make his victim smile,

Oh then I'll leave off drinking rum ;

When sweet is sour and sour is sweet—

And women cease to use their tongues,

Lions and lambs in friendship meet ;

Oh then I'll leave off drinking rum,

And throw my bottles all away, &c.

Give me the glass that ever flows,

I'd toil and sweat a life-long day,

Content to wear these ragged clothes,

And starve for bread another day ;

Oh for one glass of whisky sling,

I'd pay the forfeit with my life—

Before I'd loose that blessed thing,

I'd starve my children and my wife,

Nor throw my bottles all away, &c.

When I am dead they'll raise no stone  
To tell the place, nor mark my name;  
Despised by all beloved by none,  
And all for naught but drinking rum;  
And has it come to this at last,  
All my affairs to ruin ruin,  
And I myself in prison cast !  
Is this the road all drunkard's run ?  
I'll throw my bottles all away, &c.

My trembling limbs and bloated face—  
My eyes to swell long since began,  
Bring reason to my soul's release,  
Oh I will leave off drinking rum.  
My health restored, my wife and child,  
Forgive me all that I had done;  
When I return I meet their smiles,  
A good exchange for that of rum.  
I've thrown my bottles all away, &c.

My troubled mind restor'd to peace,  
Curse followed brandy, gin and rum;  
God save like me the human race,  
From all the sins of drinking rum;  
Then shall this land rejoice to know  
That pestilence and famine cease,  
Our hearts with blessings overflow,  
With joys of joys, the joy of peace,  
We've thrown our bottles all away, &c.

## NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

BY CHARLES SWAN.

Never rail at the world, it is just what we make it,  
We see not the flower if we see not the seed;  
And as for ill luck, why it's just as we take it,  
The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.

You question the justice which governs man's breast,  
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;  
But remember this world though it be not the best,  
Is next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt  
The feeling which questions society's claim;  
For often poor friendship is less in the fault,  
Less chargeable oft than the selfish who blame.

Then ne'er by the changes of fate be depress'd,  
Nor wear like a fetter time's sorrowful chain;  
But believe that this world though it be not the best,  
Is next to the best we shall ever attain.

## CONCLUSION.

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### A FATHER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS CHILDREN.

Although couched in simple language, it is to be hoped when duly appreciated, it may lead the heart in some measure at the close of life, to a satisfactory and happy result.

#### DEAR CHILDREN :—

Remember all men are born free and equal, of which you are a part, and that you have certain inalienable rights, among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and more than that, the right to worship God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of your own conscience, provided you do not disturb the public peace, or disturb others in their religious worship. Be independent in thought, but despise not good counsel. Learn to know your rights and preserve them. Human nature is such that those that guard not their rights and liberty, ere long will be sure to loose them; whereas truth was from everlasting the



same—is now and forever will be Eternal as its author, and what all men ought to search diligently to find out; and as the conviction of which is forced on every man's understanding, over which at pleasure he has no control. Therefore no man, nor body of men\*ought, or can justly exercise any punishment on any man on account of his belief, or unbelief, as all men have an absolute right in all matters and things to satisfy their own conscience, as well as that of offering their devotions of heart to their Heavenly Father.

Such was the liberty for which our fathers left their native land, traversed the Atlantic ocean,—faced the red man in his wrath, and the howling beasts of prey in this inhospitable region of country, and where too they were soon followed by their unnatural mother, and by her compelled to maintain their rights, dearer to them than life at the point of the bayonet. This blessed liberty our fathers transmitted to us their descendents, never to forget, but to cherish, cultivate and defend. As morality and religion are the only sure pillows on which a republican government can rest, never give countenance or willingly recognize any law but that of equal rights and justice. Suffer no attempt to undermine the Constitution to go unnoticed. It is the anchor to the ark of your liberty and independence. This is not a land of tol-

eration, nor never can be, while the laws are administered according to the principles of our blessed Constitution, and which you will guard as the palladium of your liberty. Once suffer tyranny and oppression in the least degree to take the place of free inquiry and religious liberty; then might the Constitution of these United States, with all its beauty as well be swept into annihilation, and no more remembrance be had of all those free and happy institutions, bequeathed to us by our fathers, and sealed with their blood. Never contend with men concerning that which no man while living can ever know. Racks and faggots are not convincing evidence of the truth of any religious sect or denomination. You will strive to cultivate the good will of all men, and as far as in you lies lead their minds from malice, hatred and revenge, to love. Constrain no man from his religious principles or opinions, but teach by example that it is better to love than to hate; and far better to do good than to do evil. Teach these principles to your children, that future generations may rise up and call you blessed. Lay aside the wild fancies of the brain, which by avariousness in ages past, have caused rivers of blood unjustly to flow; but give all the attention you have time to spare to that which all honest men acknowledge to be good evidence of morality and religion. Love your neigh-

bor as yourself, then you can have no disposition to burn your neighbor at the stake, to force him to acknowledge you are right and he is wrong. But visit the sick in distress, those in prison confined in chains and shut out from the light of heaven; teach him that he is not confined for punishment, but for reformation. Forget not the widow and the fatherless; give bread to the orphan and the stranger—dry up the tears of sorrow and anguish that sting to the heart.

Woe to the man who shall go up to the house of holiness under false pretences, to worship as it were in an unknown tongue, regardless of the suffering of the miserable and wretched, whose cries and prayers ascend like clouds of incense to that God, who sends his rain alike on the just and unjust. By your fruits shall you be known. Imitate your God—to be humane and just is divine. Lay your cold heart in the warm sunshine of benevolence, until it shall burst with kindness, and shall have filled the cup of the afflicted and sorrowful to the utmost of your ability; doing always that which is right in that all-seeing eye which pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, and rewards accordingly. Thus will you cause the prayers of thousands to ascend to God, that he would continue you many long and happy years in this life, and crown you with everlasting glory and honor in that to come.

Glory not in riches, they cannot save you from death, nor can they purchase you one moment of time. Enjoy the good of your labor, using the good things of this life as not abusing them ; and as far as in you lies make all around you rejoice that when the wheels of time shall cease with you to roll, that you may then with the eye of faith unshaken, look forward and be able to say—Death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory.

Chap. 1  
E





